The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1801.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The MAID'S HUSBAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING it is a fatal maxim among women, "To pleaſe the eye, though they torture the heart," yet I am ſo far an advocate for pleaſing the eye, that the man I have an idea of, muſt have a perſon graceful and engaging. The features of his face muſt be regular; and though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have ſeen, having generally obſerved that where nature is moſt exact, ſhe is leaſt engaging. His eyes muſt be lively, ſparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there muſt be a clear complexion, health, cheerfulneſs, and ſenſibility. His ſtature muſt be inclining to the tall; his motion eaſy and genteel; free from the ſhort pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic ſtep of the more ſolemn ſop. His behaviour ſerious, but natural; neither too open, nor too reſerved. His look, his laugh, his ſpeech, and his whole manner, muſt be juſt, without affectation, and free without levity.

Thus much for his perſon. I come now to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty, and agreeableneſs will avail him nothing. His genius muſt be fanciful; his knowledge extenſive. Men, as well as books, muſt have been his ſtudy. Learning, freedom, and gallantry muſt be ſo blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion, and the entertaining lover. In converſation he muſt ſay nothing with ſtudy, nor yet any thing at random. His thoughts muſt flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expreſſion, which is neceſſary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of the mind let me add (If I may be allowed the diſtinction) the qualities of his ſoul. He muſt be generous without prodigality; humane without weakneſs; juſt without ſeverity; and fond without folly. To his wife he muſt be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and reaſon muſt join their powers, and to the openeſs of the heart add the virtue of œconomy; making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedneſs without negligence. With love he muſt have reſpect; and by a continued complaiſance always win upon the inclination. He muſt take care to retain his conqueſt by the means he gained it, and eternally look and ſpeak with the ſame deſires, and affection, though with greater freedom.

It has been obſerved by experienced people, that the ſoul contracts a ſort of blindneſs by loving: but the man I am ſpeaking of muſt derive his ſentiments from reaſon; and the paſſion which in others is looked upon as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgement.

To theſe qualities I muſt add that charm which is to be conſidered before all the reſt, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, *religion*. He muſt be devout without ſuperſtition, and pious without melancholy; far from that infirmity which makes men uncharitable bigots, infuſing into the heart a moroſe contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleaſures of it. He muſt not be ſuch a lover of ſociety as to mix with the aſſemblies of knaves and blockheads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to ſeek *God* in the horror of ſolitude: On the contrary, he muſt think that the *Almighty* is to be found amongſt men, where his goodneſs is moſt active, and his providence moſt employed. There it is that *religion* muſt enlighten, and reaſon regulate his conduct, both in the cares of ſalvation, and the duties of life.

With ſuch a man, a woman muſt enjoy thoſe pleaſures in marriage which none but fools would ridicule. Her huſband would be always the ſame, and always pleaſing. Other wives are glad if they can now and then find with their huſbands one agreeable hour; but with this, a diſagreeable minute would be impoſſible. On whatever occaſions we ſhould ſee or ſpeak to each other, it muſt be with mutual pleaſure, and aſſured ſatisfaction.

Now Mr. Colvin, let your dreſſing, ſcribbling, handſome young fellows, of Baltimore, who would be glad of a woman of five and twenty,

not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, read this character; and if any one of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely at his service. But I believe, Sir, that instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be: I am therefore resigned to my condition, and can think without repining of dying a maid (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wishes of,

Yours, &c. A. B.

—:o:—

History of Jack Smith.

[*Continued from page 295.*]

At length Mr. Modeley broke silence to our hero, "Captain Smith I wish to apologize to you for the seeming hauteur and incivility with which I have ever treated you. I thought it necessary for the future peace of both parties, that no intimacy should take place between us;—for this reason I thought proper to chill the acquaintance at the beginning. I magnified the affair at Oxford, and took that opportunity to break off the acquaintance, tho' I was conscious the apologies you offered were more than adequate to the offence." Our hero attempted to say something civil in return; but so broken, so unconnected were the sentences, I shall willingly pass them over: suffice it to say, Mr. Modeley took their meaning, shook him again warmly by the hand, and offered to introduce him to his wife and daughter.

Who now so blest as our hero? Yet the physiognomist must have been above the common sort, that could have perceived one grain of pleasure in his countenance. He turned pale as he faintly told Mr. Modeley, 'He should be happy with the honour:' not that our hero was so diffident and mistrustful of himself, but he could not forget the disgraceful scenes Miss Modeley had been a witness of, both at the play-house, and at Ranelagh His connection with Mrs. Cherville had not been transitory; he had publicly as well as privately lived with that lady for many months, had even left the kingdom in her company, and been seen with her afterwards, in the most familiar manner, by the last person he would have wished a witness to his degeneracy. How did Miss Modeley know this connection did not still remain? or at least that he had not formed others of the same nature? a young woman of Miss Modeley's clear good sense was one of the last to suppose any man could possibly be the better for being a rake.

'Reformed rakes make the best husbands,' says the old proverb. I cannot but think most old proverbs speak something like the truth, though, like all the wise sayings and speeches of the ancients, they are sometimes enveloped in mysteries, allegories, and figures. Let us remember the proverb does not pretend to say, that reformed rakes make the best lovers; and then, by reviewing the qualifications of what are called good husbands, we shall probable come to the truth.

Reader, art thou uninterested in the decision? skip to the next chapter.

If the husband is civil, quiet, and easy, and permits the will of his wife to be in general his own, few women would probably in public call him a bad one, and all the world (that is, every body who does not intimately know him) will undoubtedly call him a good one. A person whose manhood is in full vigour, fresh, perfect, undebilitated, unfated, will be more likely to prove a fit antagonist for the wiles and stratagems, tricks and fancies of the female than the youth of the world who, having long exercised his androical powers, from the use even to the abuse of them, is no longer to be quickened with novelty, but begins already to feel that human nature is imperfect, weak, and easily cloyed. To make up for this deficiency is the least thing the latter can do; he therefore takes care to be civil, quiet, and easy, and thus, by this prudent behaviour, he at once attains the character of a good husband; while the other, who is concious of no deficiency himself, has no need of making any allowances, but carries his rule over the weaker part with an high hand, is often times rude, restless, and violent, has a will of his own, and makes that will a law, and therefore to the misjudging world bears not the outward semblance of goodness so much as the other. The elucidating verbosity ota Johnsonian might more systematically accelerate this explication. "A cogitation of the deficiency of the animal powers" such a one would say, "by a defalcation of the faculty would———" but I am unequal to the language, fair maidens! lovely heiresses! am I understood will you deign to hear a tale to the purpose?—

A young fellow, with no other knowledge in horse flesh than clear good sense can give, went once upon a time to a large fair to purchase himself a horse, determined to buy the best that he could meet with. A crowd of dealers and sellers soon surrounded him. "This horse" says one man, shewing the animal, "is the famous Old Nick, which carried lord Rattlebrain last season, and is so well known in the Duke's hunt." "This, sir," says another, "is the famous trotting mare: she has trotted sixteen miles within the hour, and beat sir Harry's Bay for one hundred guineas." 'Here,' says a third, "is the horse of horses, that went from London to Brighton in six hours." "See my bit of blood," cries a fourth "this won the sweepstakes last year at Epsom." Well, my friend," says our would-be purchaser to a countryman who was leading a young stallion pawing along the ground," what have you to say for your's?" An please your honour, he's a kittish young thing I must confess, but of a deadly good breed; he han't done much work yet to be sure, but he's sound and goes well in all his paces." Pshaw! cry all the jockies at once, who'd give any thing for a young thing that nobody knows." "Gentlemen," replies the stranger who wanted a horse, "have you any particular fault to find with the farmer's young stallion?" 'No,' replies the gentlemen jockies,—"but it is an untried creature—a mere colt;—where's his character? where's his goodness? what has he done?" 'Gentlemen,' says the intended purchaser again, 'I am indeed looking for a good horse; I like hard riding; I should have no objection to trot sixteen miles within the hour; gallop twenty; win a sweepstakes; or ride with the foremost hounds in a foxchase. Your most excellent most capital horses have already done all this: this young thing will I make no doubt, be able to do the same whenever it becomes necessary. Such good things I like to have in store, and if I may judge from ap-

pearances, gentlemen, from the present state of the flesh, bones, and muscles of all your horses, this young colt is, at present, most equal to those kind of tasks. So here my friend, (to the country man) is your thirty guineas, and, if any one of the present good company dislikes my purchase, I can only say that I've twenty good miles home to the noble city of York, and will lay down one hundred guineas with him, that I am there upon my young stallion before either the trotter, the galloper, the hunter or the racer." The respectable jockies turned upon their heels, and the purchaser, mounting his new horse, rode coolly away.

Attend, maidens all, to this plain tale of mine; and, when the young rake, old in the knowledge of the world, tempts you to the Gretna-Green trip, remember that tho' reformed rakes are said to be the best husbands, as horses that have done great feats are called the best horses, consider, for one moment, whether you had not better make your choice according to the principle of my late purchaser.

CHAPTER XLV.

As oft the sick in dreams attempt to fly,
What time the fainting limbs their aid deny;
In vain their lips a vocal sound essay,
Nor cries, nor voice can find their wonted way.

TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

THE whole account of our hero's *imprudence* (to make use of the fashionable term for *vice*) the sweet girl had been most carefully informed of before he went abroad. Of his professional conduct while in the service, all the public prints had spoken full loud and favourable for any one to be ignorant; while the quick ear of Love had caught hold of many things concerning his private history, none of which were ungrateful to a female ear. Among many other opportunities which the lady met with, I shall mention one; "Who is this Captain Smith," said Miss Modeley one day to an officer, who had lately arrived from the Cape, and was a relation of her father's; "of whom we have heard so much lately for his conduct in boarding the pirate, and at the Cape?" He "is a Captain, Ma'am,' (replied the officer,) "of the ——— regiment, as fine a young man as ever I saw. I am totally unacquainted of what family; but he is very much respected in the army.' "A dashing young Hero,' said the lady, affecting to smile with indifference; "a man of the world, I suppose; no doubt, a great favourite of our sex.'

"I believe, Ma'am, he would be not a little so, were he inclined to try his fortune that way; but he is possessed with a settled melancholy; he has no particular acquaintance, either among the officers or the ladies; and all the time he can spare from the duties of his profession, to which he tenaciously adhers, is unweariedly spent in study; it is in vain we tempt him to stay with us at the mess, the forms of respectful civility alone induce him to dine with us, and to stay a few hours.' 'Melancholy people in general,' said Miss Modeley questionary, 'are said to fly to the bottle as an opiate for their cares?'

'This is not Captain Smith's case; he is rather too abstemious, and once, when very earnestly pressed to drink his glass, he made a most remarkable reply to the Chairman, which I shall never forget.'

'May I trouble you to repeat it, Sir?'

'I should be a most ungrateful fellow,' said Captain Smith, addressing himself to the senior officer, 'if, after the favours and attentions I have received from yourself and my brother officers, I should in any degree interrupt the harmony and conviviality of the company, and I will take this opportunity to apologize, and somewhat account for the unsociableness of my disposition, which you must all, gentlemen, too often have remarked.' The President politely said, there was no need of any apology, and begged he would do as he pleased. Captain Smith, with a bow, continued; the curiosity of the company was greatly excited; 'By following the common course of dissipation, to which we are all so exposed, by my own unguarded folly and want of resolution in trifles, I have brought upon myself a long series of misfortunes which, but for one friendly hand, had hurried me on to the disgraceful and miserable end of a suicide. My health and my pecuniary credit first fell the sacrifices; the fond partiality of my friends was deceived, and conscious that I did not deserve, I no longer sought their protection. To complete my ruin, I received a double blow in the most trying points, my Love and Honour; the former is too tender a subject for me to say more upon, the rankling weapon still lies fixed here.' Captain Smith smote his breast, and paused for a moment, then, with a forced smile, he added—'to your kindness I am indebted for the recovery of the latter—' The gentleman was here interrupted in his tale by the appearance of Miss Modeley who, with a face as white as the fabled spectre of the dead, seemed ready to sink into the ground. 'Your sensibility, my dear Madam,' said the officer, 'greatly affects you; will you permit me to give you a glass of water?' The young lady soon recollected, and soon recovered herself, and now looking more like the crimson rose, faintly begged the gentleman to proceed.

'Captain Smith,' he replied, 'thus finished his speech:'

'It is from this situation of my mind, gentlemen, the baneful remains of which can never be removed, that I fear the consequence of the least indulgence to my passions, more particularly in that of drinking, as I have reason to dread the effects it may have upon my already so violently convulsed frame; and I again avoid it on another account, lest I should be induced to use it as a temporary, though poisonous, *requiem* for my grief, and thus slowly perpetrate that crime I was once so strongly tempted to rush headlong upon.' 'To attempt, Ma'am, to describe to you the effect this speech had upon the company, delivered in the most manly and resolute, though civil and mild terms, I am unequal. Captain Smith, as soon as he had finished, filled his glass to the brim, drank to all the company, and retired.'

Miss Modeley, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, had thought, for some time, that she had too far indulged her curiosity, and, as an excuse, she said, 'I have no doubt, Sir, you have already supposed that I know the gentleman we have been talking of, which will account to you for the agitation I shewed, and my curiosity concerning him: he once protected me, at the hazard of his own life, from the dreadful plot of a designing villain; unhappily afterwards he offended my father, who has desired his name never to be mentioned before him.' It is unnessary to say, the gentleman took the hint conveyed in the last words; they also explained to him a few other matters concerning his cousin's attachment, which he had slightly heard mentioned, and also the young Captain's love melancholy. Miss Modeley, on her part, though so very much affected with the story, in the whole found a vast deal more to approve of than condemn.

This digreſſion will account for the young lady's knowledge of the alteration and reformation, which had taken place in our hero. Let us now return to the aſſembly room.

Mr. Modeley walked down the room with the father and ſon, gently holding the arm of the young Captain; having introduced them to Mrs. Heriot, they paſſed on to the younger lady. The aſtoniſhed daughter could ſcarcely believe the ſcene before her; her ſenſes were confuſed and bewildred, ſhe would have ariſen from her ſeat, but, like a perſon in a dream, her feet ſeemed to have loſt their office. 'Your father, my dear girl,' ſaid Mr. Modeley, pointedly, 'preſents to you an old acquaintance, Captain Smith. You will be ſurpriſed to hear he is the ſon of this my reſpectable friend, henceforth Mr. Smith.' Miſs Modeley knew the father; ſhe politely bowed, faintly perhaps to the Captain, yet not without a willing ſmile, which was viſible to every eye, except that of a timid lover.

Our hero ——— but this is a deſcription which, though my mind can rapturouſly feel, my pen is unequal to explain. Let it ſuffice the reader, that if he has been converſant in novels, he has, doubtleſs, read many excellent ſcenes of this kind; if not, I will not to prejudice him againſt that ſpecies of compoſition as to coarſely develope ſuch delicate ſenſations known only to the initiated, leſt, like the brute who attempts to ſpin, I do but tear the materials.

Captain Smith, even ten times more confuſed than when he addreſſed the father, ſummoned up courage to expreſs the pleaſure the introduction had afforded him,

The fathers left them together; Mr. Smith made Mr. Modeley acquainted with Colonel Grey and his lady, and Mr. Freeman; the gentleman and lady, who entered the room along with Mr. Modeley and his daughter were near neighbours, and well known to the Colonel; the two parties, therefore, were ſoon joined together.

After the delicate feelings of our hero had a little ſubſided, he ſaid, 'You're in this part of the country, Miſs Modeley?'

'Yes, Sir, we're with the gentleman and lady who entered the room with us.'—A pauſe.—'You came here very late for a country aſſembly; do'nt you dance?'

'The next, I think, with Mr. Clover.' Another pauſe longer than the former enſued, and the muſic ſtriking up for the dance, Miſs Modeley ſaid, 'Your partner, I believe, is waiting for you, Captain Smith.'

'Does Miſs Modeley wiſh me gone ſo ſoon? Oh, Eliza! will not years of penitence and remorſe entitle me to be ranked among your acquaintance? Am I really an object of hatred? Is the very ſight of me become offenſive? If ſo, ſpeak but the word, this wretch ſhall never more appear before you!'

'Good God! Mr. Smith,' ſaid the young lady, 'why do you talk thus? You alarm me: pray conſider where we are: ſure you would not *willingly* diſtreſs me: hate you, indeed! gratitude alone will ———'

"Pardon me, my ever dear Miſs Modeley, once more pardon the warmth of a man, who, whatever may have been his crimes, has never for a moment forgotten———"

'But you muſt excuſe me,' rejoined the fair damſel with a ſmile, 'for again haſtening you away: for ſee your partner is walking to the head of the dance with my intended, and we are both concerned to prevent it.' This was ſaid in ſo very different a tone from any thing that had before paſſed, that the love entangled captain felt an unuſual throb of pleaſure vibrate through his frame. 'May I hope,' ſaid he, taking the hand of the beloved object, 'may I preſume to hope, that Miſs Modeley, in ſtead of ſending me on ſo ungrateful an errand, will aid to revenge it by retaliation.'

'When I am really ſatisfied of the treachery of my partner, I dont know what my revenge will not prompt me to do; but let us wait a little till we are certain that we are forſaken; it will then be time enough.'

Miſs Modeley, who was as yet ignorant concerning the lady that Smith had been dancing with, was not ſorry to perceive, that whoever ſhe was, ſhe had evidently no ſtrong hold upon his heart. 'But, I think,' continued the fair lady, 'though I have ſuch good reaſon to complain of the neglect of my partner, you have very little of your's: ſhe is a very pretty woman, and you ought to make one attempt to recover her before it is too late.'

'After Miſs Modeley has flattered me that I ſhall be the partner of her revenge, I ſhall remain ſteady at my preſent poſt; Mrs. Grey I know will excuſe me.' Miſs Modeley was not ſorry to hear that the lady was wife to the Colonel; his friendſhip and patronage of Smith, ſhe had frequently, in former times, been told of by our hero himſelf, and lately ſhe had heard of his marriage, and reſidence in the country from her friends the Clovers.

Mr. Clover and Mrs. Grey now came down the dance; they gave a ſignificant nod at our young couple, and Miſs Modeley no longer made any objection to joining the dances with our hero.

I ſhall paſs over the reſt of the occurrences of this evening with ſimply remarking, that every thing concluded with the utmoſt harmony.

The ſpecimen of the converſation of lovers, which I have literally given, ſhews how unintereſting is ſuch diſcourſe to any but themſelves.

They formed one party at the tea-table; Colonel Grey was in a high flow of ſpirits, and rattled away with his uſual careleſſneſs and ſucceſs. Freeman, more temperate in his joy, did not betray it ſo much by his words as by the expanding countenance and glittening eye of a ſuſceptible heart; the more elderly gentlemen laughed more than they talked: the ladies ſeemed mutually pleaſed with one another, and our hero had much more the appearance of the reſignation of a captive, than the hautuer of a conqueror.

Before they ſeparated, Mr. Clover invited Colonel Grey and his friends to dinner on the following day, which was willingly agreed to by all. The portion of ſleep, which each of the lovers loſt on that ever memorable night,—it is proper I ſhould remark,—was amply made up by the enlargement to the ſtock of felicity which their wakeful thoughts offered them; and as her hand-maids, Health, Youth, and Beauty attended Miſs Modeley in the morning, Hope in the form of our Hero threw a tinge on her countenance, which had, for a long time, been baniſhed from her cheeks.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF JACK MARTIN.

[*Concluded from page* 287.]

SCENE IV.

Inſide of a tavern—Jack, Pat and Croupe.

Croupe. Come, Martin, begin to Quiz.

Jack, (drinking.) Here's the eſſence of French bayo-

nets to his Britannic majesty for a morning dram.

Pat and Groupe. Ha! ha! ha! damn'd good, 'pon honor—ha! ha! ha!

Jack. I expect shortly gentlemen that Bonaparte will send a French barber over to England, to shave the prime minister, the gin-drinking Pitt, who bribes half the world, not excepting our Yankee *Jack A———*.

Pat. Faith, that was *nately* said.

Jack. I think, Pat, if there was a small *Mud-Machine* established in the vicinity of Baltimore, it would have a very good effect in disfiguring the aristocratical cause—I speak from *principle!* I am not particularly ambitious or avaricious, yet I conceive, if I had the direction of such a machine, I could in a very little time do great services to the cause of the people, that is the democratical cause.

Pat. Swate Ja—s—gentlemen do you hear what an illoquint spache my friend Jack has made; he is certainly a very great *genus*, who by his *talons* will render us great service; I think, therefore, it will be no more than proper that we should join together, that is *splice* my honies, and get Jack a little bit of a *mud tosser*, by which manes we will take in the federalists completely, and then by my shoul all *we* honest folks shall get pinchins, shinacurs, binny-fishes, and plashes in offish; what say you, my dear countrymen?

Groupe. Whatever you say, Mr. Patrick must be right, we therefore very willingly agree to the proposition.

Jack. Gentlemen I sincerely thank you, and I will just draw up a bit of a subscription paper.

Pat. Ah! let's have a *description* paper, friend Martin; but 'tis time now to adjourn; we'll all mate together at the saste. Jack come with me—Good day to you my dear honies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A STREET.

Enter Jack, apparently in a deep meditation, Quiz meeting him.

Jack. Now soar my hopes aloft to highest heaven,
My wond'rous schemes have taken beyond measure,
And here, it seems, I am decreed to rise—
Fate long has destin'd me forlorn to roam,
With desp'rate fortune and malign dispose;
But now, ye Gods, to fate I rise superior,
And drown my cares in heaps of federal coin.
I am glad to see you, Quiz.

Quiz. The same am I—
But wherefore on thy brow sits thought enwrapt,
In meditation of some grand concern,
On which, 'twould seem, the fate of empire hinges;
Cannot even Quiz be trusted with the secret.

Jack. Yes, Quiz, thou shalt, I will unveil to thee
The secret workings of my inmost soul;
Thou may'st remember that when last we met
I did inform thee somewhat of my purpose,
The which is now more ripe for execution.
To morrow night, from various parts o' the city,
There will assemble, at a place convenient,
Vast numbers of those men 'clep'd democrats;
Among whom, as 'twere I shall be chief and head;
To mighty *Washington* the feast is given,
But this so publicly announced is but a guise,
Those to deceive who might suspect our purpose,
For know, dear Quiz, our firm resolve is thus;
When all assembled and in close divan,
The *foolish* Pat, a hectoring friend of mind,
His head with wine and brandy being fill'd,
Will blunder out, with loud and thund'ring sound,
A grand proposal to o'erwhelm the fed's,
By the establishment of a Mud-Machine,
(Whereof I hold command)—to daub their nappers;]
This being propos'd by Pat, swift will the rest
Their reason gone, and wine alone remaining,
Agree to the suggestion.
When I, long since prepar'd for this occasion,
Will on the instant to their view present
A draught of resolutions, which having read,
They sign their names, which binds them mine forever.

Quiz. But should you, Jack, o'erstep the bounds allow'd,
And drink too deep, how then?

Jack. Ne'er be suspicious of my conduct, there—
To fix a bottle for myself *seulement*,
Half wine half water, to my elbow close,
And whilst the rest are guzzling without thought,
I, cool and collected as determined Courage,
Shall sip my beverage, fearless of th' effects.

Quiz. Wisely resolv'd, and if you act up to it,
No doubt you will succeed in every point.

Jack. No danger, Quiz, but Fortune will attend me,
And means now to repay me for her former slights,
And elevate me to superior stations.
But, Quiz, adieu, I must to Julia Touchem,
And all my former female friends and cronies,
To take a last farewell and pleasing lounge,
Before I rise to mightiest fame and fortune.

Quiz. Adieu. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Inside of a GENTEEL *house, Jack discovered sitting between Dorothy Takeall and Julia Touchem.*

Jack. (*sings*). "How happy I could be with either,
"Were t' other dear charmer away."

Dorothy and Julia. Ah! you dear bewitching youth—and so you're going to leave us?

Jack. Must, 'pon honor, for something of great consequence depends upon it—but, my dear girls, I shall not forget you, in my days of prosperity—I shall call to see you some times, when we'll tipple a pint together—right, let's have one now—send for some my Julia.

Julia. Where's the *ready*, Jack?

Jack. O my dear, do you pay it now, and I'll pay you again.

Dorothy. Why Jack, that's the old story over and over; but as this is the last time you are coming to visit us whilst you are *sans six sous*, we will treat you, hoping you will not forget us when you are *sans souci*.

Jack. Julia, why you speak French, you little vixen!

Julia. La, yes Jack—since you were here last, I have improved vastly in the languages.

Jack. More particularly in the billingsgate line, I suppose—(*aside.*)

Enter a negro girl with gin.

All. Here's the gin—here's the gin.

Jack. Come then dear girls, I'll give you for a toast—success to trade.—[*drinks.*]

Girls, drinking. A rapid increase to *our* revenue.

Jack. Ha ha ha! excellent, cramp my genius.

(*Whilst Jack is speaking he has one hand engaged in the act of taking a handkerchief out of Julia's pocket, and the other in pocketing some change which laid on the table. Dorothy discovers him.*)

Dorothy. Now, Jack, what have you to say for yourself?—you are caught at your old trade of basket-making—and were it not that this is a kind of a farewell visit, I would kick you out of doors, *long fear ammony*, as

Jack. Oh! my dear girls, I was only in fun—I juſt wiſhed to ſee whether I could *take* it without your obſerving me—that was all—'pon honor.

Julia. Yes, yes, we know you well enough; but indeed Jack, I think it would be adviſable for you to deſiſt from ſuch conduct in future, unleſs you would wiſh to have your neck ſtretched.

Jack. Lord, ladies—'twas juſt a frolic of mine—you ſhall never catch me at any thing like it again.

(During this ſpeech Jack puts his hand on a ſilver ſpoon, with an intention of putting it in his pocket.)

Julia. See, ſee—the raſcal is at it again—kick him—cuff him—knock him down—throttle him—huſtle him—

(They ſeize Jack—Julia by his leg and Dorothy by his throat, dragging him about the room—Jack all the time crying mercy, pardon, robbers, thieves, &c.)

Dorothy. Give it to him, July, give it to the tiny cur; what, no honor among thieves, ſhocking!

Jack. Pard--on—Mer-r-r cy—O Lord—O Lord, ſave me or I am a dead man!

Julia. A man!—you little jackanapes, you have not one manly quality about you—put him out of doors, Dorothy—

[*Jack is kick'd out of doors.*]

A STREET.

Jack and Quiz meeting.

Jack. O Quiz!

Quiz. What ails thee, Jack?

Jack. Ah! Quiz.

Quiz. What is the matter with you?

Jack. Theſe curſed girls—O Lord! what ſhall I do?

Quiz. What, Jack, has any thing been ſticking to your fingers again?—for ſhame!

Jack. O no! I juſt ſtepped in to ſee the ladies previous to my leaving them forever, when, after drinking a trifling quantity of gin, I became ſomewhat *funny*, and out of mere humor, laid my hands on a few odd things, of no conſequence, but which they ſwore I had an intention of ſtealing--but as I hope to live—

Quiz. Ah Jack! 'tis a long time ſince that I have known you capable of doing ſuch things, therefore I do not wonder at it—but what about the Mud-Squirter?

Jack. (ſomewhat briſkly) True—faith I had nearly forgot the feaſt—but to-morrow, my boy, will make my fortune; ſo adieu, I muſt betake myſelf to reſt.

Quiz. Adieu.

A STREET.

Enter Jack, ſolus—with a thoughtful countenance.

Jack. This day, above all others in my chequered life,
I hail propitious to my better fortune;
O Fortune! goddeſs fickle as the wind,
Deign but to ſquint in ſmiling mood towards me,
And I thy vot'ry ever more will be.
Avaunt to *principle!* I ſeek but *gold*—
Yes, gold, which in this vicious world bears ſway,
And tramples Right and Juſtice under foot.
I do remember, when in years more young,
Alone by Virtue, Juſtice t' have been govern'd;
But my more open intercourſe with men,
Quickly convinced me of the fatal error;
For ſo depraved and viciated are the times,
That he who doth not juggle, ſwindle, cheat,
Will fare but illy in this world of wonders;
Therefore I'm forc'd, againſt my better judgement,
To uſe ſuch means to gain a livelihood,
As what might make an infidel to bluſh.
But death to care—come mirth and high feſtivity,
I am reſolv'd, and nought can now oppoſe me.

Enter Landlady.

Deareſt madam, have you prepar'd, as I before requeſted,
The wine and water, properly diluted,
Againſt the toaſts ſet in?

Landlady. I have, and what is better ſtill,
The ſtrongeſt brandy I have juſt procur'd,
Whereby to render all the reſt half drunk, whilſt you
Secure in your cool beverage,
Laugh at their nonſenſe and their great reſolves—
But Jacky, mind the *terms!*

Jack. Ne'er doubt my *honor.*

[*Exit Landlady.*]

Enter Pat—ſinging.

Pat. Sing Smalliloo, ſmalliloo, grammachree and Paddy whack—how are you, my honey—ſmalliloo, ſmalliloo.

Jack. Well my dear Pat, I am glad you have come, for I feel ſomewhat irkſome in being here alone.

Pat. O my jewel, never mind it; have you got all them there gim-cracks ready for the toaſtification.

Jack. Aye, that I have—come let's take a a little walk before dinner—'twill give us an appetite.

Pat. Come along then, honey.

[*Exeunt.*]

TIME—AFTER DINNER.

Curtain riſes and diſcovers Jack, Pat and others, ſeated at a table, wine, brandy, &c. before them, hallooing, &c.

Some of the company. Mr. Preſident the toaſt, the toaſt Mr. Preſident.

Preſident. Silence,—gentlemen pay attention to the toaſt—

1. Young *Bungapork*—the *Curſe o' Cain* hero.

Pat. By de hokey, dat is a very *hog*-iſh toaſt—I muſt take two glaſſes to keep it from riſing on my ſtomach.

2. T. *Jeffreys ſon*, the *fool-officer.*

Pat. Ank-hore—ank-hore—a'n't that French, Jack?—ank hore, your *ſhoul.*

3. The outſide of a cheſnut—

Pat. A. Burr, by J—s.

All. Excellent, faith—who formed that toaſt, Mr. Preſident?

Preſident. Our friend, Jack Martin.

Jack. Yes, my good friends, I had the honor to form that toaſt.

Pat. Let Jack alone, my honies—he does deſe tings very nately.

4 *Maid*-ſon, the future ſec'ry.

[They continue drinking toaſts to the number of ſixteen, when Jack ſings 'Mrs. Caſey,' with additions—encore is reſounded through the room—Jack is compelled to ſing it—after which, perceiving the company pretty *far gone*, he introduces written propoſals for his Mud-Squirter, which they all readily ſigned, ſwearing that Jack was as great a genius as *Carnot* or *Sieyes*—and indeed who will pretend to doubt it after ſuch a wonderful diſplay of invention, ſtratagem and intrigue—towards day Jack ſlipped home—when ſhortly after, Pat riſing begins to ſing.]

Pat. Twelve- hiccup—tw e-e-lve botsles more—
Come, ho—hiccup—nies—let's go home.

All. Ag—hiccup—reed.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

[Suffice it to ſay, by way of concluſion, that Jack did eſtabliſh a Mud-Squirter, but whether he has made his fortune or not we cannot ſay.]

An ANECDOTE.

THE MAGISTRATE and the ASS.

LOUIS the XIVth of France, having made his public entrance into the city of Lyons, was harangued by one of the principal magiſtrates, who paſſed for a man of ſenſe. But as it was the firſt time he had appeared in the royal preſence, his ſenſe was inſufficient to exempt him from that ſpecies of awkward embarraſſment which is generally experienced on ſimilar occaſions. Though he had paſſed all the preceding night in ſtudying his ſpeech, when he approached the king, he found himſelf unable to utter a ſyllable: having at length, however, recovered from his fears, he commenced his harangue, and ſaid many good things, to which his ſovereign liſtened with pleaſure; but before he had got half through, an Aſs, which ſtood near the place, began to bray, and, in ſhort, made ſuch a noiſe, that the king, not being able to hear the orator, exclaimed aloud, "Make that aſs hold his tongue!" The attention of the magiſtrate having been too much engroſſed by his own eloquence, to take the ſmalleſt notice of the aſs, concluded that he himſelf was the object of thoſe orders which he had juſt heard the king deliver in ſuch a peremptory tone: this idea made him ſtop ſhort; and, after ſome minutes, he ſtammered out, "I was thoroughly ſenſible, ſire, of my incapacity to harangue your Majeſty, and it was with extreme reluctance I undertook the taſk." The king could not refrain from laughter at this ridiculous miſtake; and his Majeſty's mirth increaſing the confuſion of the orator, all intreaties to prevail on him to reſume his ſpeech, proved fruitleſs; he ruſhed into the thickeſt of the crowd, and having reached his own houſe, ſhut himſelf up in his apartment, inconſolable at having rendered himſelf an object of ridicule to the whole town.

THE LADIES NEW CATECHISM.

Queſt. For what end did you come into the world? *Anſ.* To get a huſband.—*Q.* What is the way to get a huſband.—*A.* To dreſs, dance, chat, play and go to all manner of public places, except church, for fear of being called fanatic.—*Q.* What is the duty of a huſband?—*A.* To pleaſe his wife.—*Q.* What is the duty of a wife?—*A.* To pleaſe herſelf.—*Q.* Are there no more duties incumbent on you as a fine lady!—*A.* Yes; I muſt be deaf, dumb and blind, as occaſion requires; deaf to the voice of duns, and all ſuch poor relations as moſt eaſily beſet me; dumb when my huſband remonſtrates; and blind to the whole race of city acquaintance or country couſins.

JENNEY GREY.

BRING, *Phœbus*, from *Parnaſſian* bow'rs,
A chaplet of poetic flowers,
That far out-bloom the *May*;
Bring verſe ſo ſmooth, bring thoughts ſo free,
And all the muſe's heraldry,
To blazon *Jenny Grey*.

Obſerve yon almond's rich perfume,
Preventing ſpring with early bloom,
In ruddy tints, how gay!
Thus, foremoſt of the bluſhing fair,
With ſuch a blitheſome buxom air,
Blooms lovely *Jenny Grey*.

The merry, chirping, plumy throng,
The buſhes and the twigs among,
That pipe the ſylvan lay,
All huſh'd at her delightful voice,
In ſilent ecſtacy rejoice,
And ſtudy *Jenny Grey*.

Ye wanton odour-breathing gales,
That ſweep along the green-rob'd vales,
And in each roſe buſh play
I know ye all—you're errant cheats,
And ſteal your more than mortal ſweets,
From lovely *Jenny Grey*.

Pomona, and that goddeſs bright,
The floriſt's and the maid's delight,
In vain their charms diſplay;
The luſcious nect'rine, juicy peach,
In richneſs, nor in ſweetneſs reach,
The lips of *Jenny Grey*.

To the ſweet knot of graces three,
Th'immortal band of bards agree,
A tuneful tax to pay;
There yet remains of matchleſs worth,
There yet remains a lovlier fourth,
And that is *Jenny Grey*.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

IN one of the temples in the empire of Pegu, they educate their virgins. Every year, on the feſtival of the idol, they ſacrifice one of theſe unhappy creatures. The prieſt, in his ſacerdotal habit, ſtrips her naked, ſtrangles her, plucks out her heart, and throws it in the idol's face. The ſacrifice being ended, the prieſt dines, dreſſes himſelf in a habit of a horrible form, and dances before the people. In other temples of the ſame country, men only are ſacrificed. For this purpoſe a handſome well made ſlave is bought, who being dreſſed in a white robe, and waſhed three ſucceſſive mornings, is at length ſhewn to the people. The fourth day, the prieſt opens his breaſt, plucks out his heart, ſprinkles the idol with his blood, and eats his fleſh as ſacred food. 'Innocent blood, ſay the prieſts, ought to flow to expiate the ſins of the nation: beſides it is neceſſary that ſome ſhould go to the great God to put him in mine of his people.' It is, however, proper to remark, that the prieſts never charge themſelves with this commiſſion.

A TALE.

QUOD PETIS HIC EST.

No plate had John and Joan no board,
Plain folks in humble plight:
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the angel stood so fair,
He got a devil portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrify'd,
His hairs rose on his pate;
And "why dost guzzle now," he cry'd,
"At this enormous rate?"

"O John," said she, "am I to blame?
"I can't in conscience stop,
"For sure 'twould be a burning shame
To leave the devil a drop!"

PALEMON and LUCINDA.

An emblem of the happy pair
In Eden's blissful shade,
Palemon and Lucinda were,
By mutual passions made.

Virtue and love, and innocence,
These charming two possest,
While calm content, and rosy health,
Conspired to make them blest.

Oft, when the radient sun retir'd,
And Nox assum'd her throne;
When the gay curtains of the west
No more with purple shone:

Lur'd by pale Cynthia's silver light,
O'er the sweet lawns they'd stray,
While with innocuous tales of love
They past the time away.

But the fair morning of their joys
Was quickly overcast;
And all their pleasing hopes destroy'd
By an untimely blast.

The fair Lucinda, torn away
From her kind lover's breast,
Was by unfeeling parents join'd
Unto a wealthy beast.

A tyger in a human form,
Devoid of gentle love——
'Tis thus curs'd gold oft rudely yokes
The vulture with the dove.

Palemon now, thrice hapless swain!
For ever doom'd to mourn!
Laments the loss of those blest days,
Which never can return.

While the afflicted fair, forlorn,
[Though once so blithe and gay]
In splendid wretchedness complains,
And sighs the hours away.

Learn hence, O youth! the fleeting date
Of all terrestrial joys;
And place your hearts on things above
Earth's transitory toys.

Repose your treasure in the skies,
Your riches their conceal;
Where moth and rust can ne'er corrupt,
Nor thieves break through and steal.

EDWEY.

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